HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. Collected from the Scriptures.

II. Composed on divine Subjects.

III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

By *I. WATTS*, D. D.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.
Rev. v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. *Christiani*) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. *Plinius in Epist.*

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1788.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE greateſt part of the following compoſures are ſuited to the general ſtate of the goſpel, and the moſt common affairs of Chriſtians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be uſed in a religious aſſembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to ſome ſeaſons either of private or public worſhip. The moſt frequent tempers and changes of our ſpirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expreſſed according to the variety of our paſſions, our love, our fear, our hope, our deſire, our ſorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the bleſſed Spirit; all converſing with God the Father *by the new and living way* of acceſs to the throne, even the perſon and the mediation of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. To him alſo, even *to the Lamb that was ſlain and now lives*, I have addreſſed many a ſong; for thus doth the holy Scripture inſtruct and teach us to worſhip, in the various ſhort patterns of Chriſtian pſalmody deſcribed in the *Revelation*. I have avoided the more obſcure and controverted points of Chriſtianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and *ſing his praiſes with underſtanding*, Pſalm xlvii. 7. The contentions and diſtinguiſhing words of ſects and parties are ſecluded, that whole aſſemblies might aſſiſt at the harmony, and different churches join in the ſame worſhip without offence.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the *Firſt*, I have borrowed the ſenſe and much of the form of the ſong from ſome particular portions of Scripture, and have paraphraſed moſt of the doxologies in the New Teſtament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Teſtament alſo, that have a reference to the times of the Meſſiah.

The *Second Part* consists of hymns whose form is mere human composure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy.

I have prepared the *Third Part* only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we may sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of Scripture, and some other compositions. There are *above an hundred hymns* in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance; and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last; but there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private Christians: and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours: my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory.

HYMNS.

BOOK I.

Collected from the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN I. [C. M.]

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidſt his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Let elders worſhip at his feet,
The church adore around,
With viols full of odours ſweet,
And harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 Thoſe are the prayers of the ſaints,
And theſe the hymns they raiſe;
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

4 [Eternal Father, who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret will?
Who but the Son ſhall take that book,
And open ev'ry ſeal?

5 He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deſerves it well:
Lo, in his hand the ſov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the priſ'ners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN II. [L. M.]

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r all things were made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone.

6 Archangels leave their high abodes,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN III. [S. M.]

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4 To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears,
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly,
'The promis'd infant, born to-day,
'Doth in a manger lie.

6 'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your King.'
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

7 'Glory to God on high!
'And heav'nly peace on earth;
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At the Redeemer's birth!'

8 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

9 'Glory to God on high!
'And heav'nly peace on earth;
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth!'

HYMN IV. *referred to* Psalm ii.

HYMN V. [C. M.]

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then!
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN VI. [C. M.]

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just;
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN VII. [C. M.]

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, ſtarving ſouls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye periſhing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your ſin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your ſouls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood!]

8 Dear God! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs miſeries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

9 The happy gates of goſpel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN VIII. [C. M.]

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low:
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN IX. [C. M.]

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Tho' black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And left pollution should o'erspread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd,
And, from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN X. [S. M.]

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN XI. [L. M.]

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
'Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas!

2 'I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
'That crowns my doctrine with success;
'And makes the babes in knowledge learn
'The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 'But all this glory lies conceal'd
'From men of prudence and of wit;
'The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
'And their own pride resists the light.

4 'Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
'Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
'And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 'There's none can know the Father right,
'But those that learn it from the Son;
'Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
'But where the Father makes him known.

6 'Then let our souls adore our God,
'That deals his graces as he please;
'Nor gives to mortals an account
'Or of his actions, or decrees.'

H Y M N XII. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 'Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,
'That hath reveal'd thy Son
'To men unlearned; and to babes
'Has made thy gospel known.

3 'The myst'ries of redeeming grace
'Are hidden from the wise;
'While pride and carnal reas'ning join
'To swell and blind their eyes.'

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.

H Y M N XIII. [L. M.]

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear?
What shall his name of titles be?
'The Wonderful, the Counsellor!'

3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and sons
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN XIV. [L. M.]

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conq'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN XV. [L. M.]

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day;'
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN XVI. [C. M.]

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here, we find,
And offspring, is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from Heav'n!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN XVII. [C. M.]

1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
'And where the monster's sting?'

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN XVIII. [C. M.]

1 HEAR what the voice from Heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN XIX. [C. M.]

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here:
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arm
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 'Now I can leave this world,' he cry'd;
'Behold thy servant dies;
'I've seen thy great salvation, Lord;
'And close my peaceful eyes.

4 'This is the light prepar'd to shine
'Upon the Gentile lands;
'Thine Isr'el's glory, and their hope,
'To break their slavish bands.'

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN XX. [C. M.]

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN XXI. [C. M.]

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies;

2 From the third Heav'n, where God reſides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jeruſalem comes down
Adorn'd with ſhining grace.

3 Attending angels ſhout for joy,
And the bright armies ſing,
'Mortals, behold the ſacred ſeat
'Of your deſcending King!

4 'The God of glory down to men
'Removes his bleſs'd abode:
'Men, the dear objects of his grace,
'And he the loving God.

5 'His own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the tears
'From ev'ry weeping eye;
'And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
'And death itſelf ſhall die.'

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 22, 23, *referred to* Pſalm 122.

HYMN XXIV. [L. M.]

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their ſhining duſt in vain,
Look down and ſcorn the humble poor,
And boaſt their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe, approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling ſoul
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad farewel
To the pale lump of lifeleſs clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie,
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

The rest referred to Psalm 49.

H Y M N XXV. [L. M.]

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.

5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the book, to loose the seals.']

6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
'To be our Teacher and our King!'

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favorites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMN XXVI. [C. M.]

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his follow'rs must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. [C. M.]

1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in Heav'n, for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design:
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

H Y M N. XXVIII. [C. M.]

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis I, the just, th' almighty One,
'Tis I, the victorious king;
'That your salvation bring.'

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
Why thine apparel's red,
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 'I by myself have trod the press,
'And trampled my foes alone;
'My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
'My fury stamp'd them down.

5 'Their blood that dy'd my robes
'With joyful scarlet stains,
'The triumph that my raiment wears
'Sprung from my bleeding veins.

6 'Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
'That dare insult my saints;
'I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
'An ear for their complaints.'

H Y M N XXIX. [C. M.]

1 'LIFE my banner,' faith the Lord,
'Where Antichrist has stood:
'The city of my gospel-foes
'Shall be a field of blood.

2 'My heart has study'd just revenge,
'And now the day appears;
'The day of my redeem'd is come,
'To wipe away their tears.

3 'Quite weary is my patience grown,
'And bids my fury go:
'Swift as the lightning it shall move,
'And be as fatal too.

4 'I call for helpers, but in vain:
'Then has my gospel none?
'Well, mine own arm has might enough
'To crush my foes alone.

5 'Slaughter and my devouring sword
'Shall walk the streets around:
'Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
'And stagger to the ground.'

6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

H Y M N XXX. [L. M.]

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 'Come, children, to your Father's arms,
'Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
'And my revenging fury cease.

6 'My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
'And drink the blood of haughty kings,
'While heav'nly peace around my flock
'Stretches its soft and shady wings.'

HYMN 31, *referred to* Psalm 1.

HYMN. XXXII. [C. M.]

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
How restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, and 38, referred to Psalm 131, 134, 67, 73, 90, and 84.

HYMN XXXIX. [C. M.]

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
'And mothers monsters prove,
'Sion still dwells upon the heart
'Of everlasting love.

6 'Deep on the palms of both my hands
'I have engrav'd her name;
'My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
'And build her broken frame.'

HYMN XL. [L. M.]

1 'WHAT happy men or angels these,
'That all their robes are spotless white?
'Whence did this glorious troop arrive
'At the pure realms of heav'nly light?'

2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne,
With loud hoſannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
Meaſure their bleſs'd eternity.

4 No more ſhall hunger pain their ſouls;
He bids their parching thirſt be gone;
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings,
To ſcreen 'em from the ſcorching ſun.

5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall ſhed around his milder beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living ſtreams.

6 Thus ſhall their mighty bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs years;
And the ſoft hand of ſov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

HYMN XLI. [C. M.]

1 'THESE glorious minds, how bright they ſhine!
'Whence all their white array?
'How came they to the happy ſeats
'Of everlaſting day?'

2 From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fi'ry wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In Jeſu's dying blood.

3 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XLII. [C. M.]

1 ADORE, and tremble, for our God
Is a * *consuming fire*;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance high'r.

2 Almighty vengeance! how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame;
But kindled, O, how fierce they blaze,
And rend all nature's frame!

4 At his approach the mountains fled,
And seek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Thro' the wild air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fi'ry rage,
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne;
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fi'ry tempest pour,
While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN 43, 44, *referred to* Psalm 100 *and* 133.

* Heb. xii. 26.

HYMN XLV. [C. M.]

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic throne!
While from the ſkies his awful voice
Bears the laſt judgment down.

2 [' I am the firſt and I the laſt,
' Thro' endleſs years the ſame;
' *I AM* is my memorial ſtill,
' And my eternal name.

3 ' Such favours as a God can give,
' My royal grace beſtows;
' Ye thirſty ſouls, come taſte the ſtreams
' Where life and pleaſure flows.]

4 [' The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins,
' I'll own him for a ſon;
' The whole creation ſhall reward
' The conqueſts he has won.

5 ' But bloody hands, and hearts unclean
' And all the lying race,
' The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
' That ſpurn at offer'd grace;

6 ' They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
' Bound faſt in iron chains,
' And headlong plung'd into the lake
' Where fire and darkneſs reigns.']

7 O may I ſtand before the Lamb,
When earth and ſeas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With bleſſings on my head!

8 May I with thoſe for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While ſinners, baniſh'd down to hell,
No more offend my ſight!

HYMN 46 *and* 47, *referred to* Pſalm 148 *and* 3.

HYMN XLVIII. [L. M.]

1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint;

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIX. [C. M.]

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb!

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King,
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the desart Isr'el went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN L. [C. M.]

1 NOW be the God of Isr'el blest,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face:
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 'Behold the Lamb of God,' he cries,
'That takes our guilt away:
'I saw the spirit o'er his head
'On his baptizing day.]

6 'Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
'Sink ev'ry mountain low;
'The proud must stoop, and humble souls
'Shall his salvation know.

7 'The heathen realms with Isr'el's land
'Shall join in sweet accord;
'And all that's born of man shall see
'The glory of the Lord.

8 'Behold the morning-star arise,
'Ye that in darkness sit;
'He marks the path that leads to peace,
'And guides our doubtful feet.'

HYMN LII. [S. M.]

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN LII. [L. M.]

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
'Go teach the nations, and baptize.'
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

3 'Repent and be baptiz'd,' he saith,
'For the remission of your sins:'
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

HYMN LIII. [L. M.]

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN LIV. [L. M.]

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings, from his throne,
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son.

2 'Christ be my first elect,' he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees but chose at once
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his First-beloy'd.

HYMN LV. [C. M.]

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t'abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
'Our days are past, and we shall lose
'The remnant of our years.'

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. [C. M.]

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name:
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works,
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs:
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN LVII. [C. M.]

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original:
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!]

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r
That new creates our dust.

HYMN LVIII. [L. M.]

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was satan thrown;
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb!
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word, and pow'rful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns! let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN LIX. [L. M.]

1 IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
'Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
'God shall avenge your long complaints.'

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:
'Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
'Thus, and no more be found at all.'

HYMN LX. [L. M.]

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same spirit tune our voice!

2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His over-shadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her blest,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abr'am and his seed,
'In thee shall all the earth be bless'd:'
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall Isr'el wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes,
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN LXI. [L. M.]

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And flights of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior king,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once;
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

HYMN LXII. [C. M.]

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LXIII. [L. M.]

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

H Y M N LXIV. [S. M.]

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our head.

4 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To reſt upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
My faith ſhall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. [L. M.]

1 LET the ſeventh angel ſound on high,
Let ſhouts be heard thro' all the ſky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r aſſume,
Who waſt, and art, and art to come;
Jeſus, the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can ſlay the ſaints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now muſt the riſing dead appear;
Now the deciſive ſentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVI. [L. M.]

1 LET him embrace my ſoul, and prove
My int'reſt in his heav'nly love;
The voice that tells me 'thou art mine,'
Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And ſpread the ſavour of thy name;
That oil of gladneſs and of grace,
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.

3 Jeſus, allure me by thy charms;
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms:
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 [Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]

5 Tho' in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear;
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at the table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing:
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Chriſt to me;
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt,
Thy boſom, Lord, ſhall be my reſt.

8 [No beams of cedar, or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

HYMN LXVII. [L. M.]

1 THOU whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock,
That from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our head.

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May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
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HYMN LXVII. [L. M.]

1 THOU whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock,
That from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Why ſhould thy bride appear like one
That turns aſide to paths unknown?
My conſtant feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another love.

4 [The footſteps of thy flock I ſee:
Thy ſweeteſt paſtures here they be:
A wondrous feaſt thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His deareſt fleſh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richeſt blood:
Here to theſe hills my ſoul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN LXVIII. [L. M.]

1 BEHOLD the roſe of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the tree of life, that gives
Refreſhing fruit, and healing leaves.

2 Amongſt the thorns ſo lilies ſhine,
Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine:
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling ſhade I ſat,
To ſhield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he ſpreads a feaſt,
To feed my eyes, and pleaſe my taſte.

4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where ſtands the banquet of his grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he ſpread.

5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this ſinking heart of mine;
And, op'ning his own heart to me,
He ſhews his thoughts how kind they be.]

6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and reſt upon my heart;
I charge my ſins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

HYMN LXIX. [L. M.]

1 THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now, thro' the veil of flesh, I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
'Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away;
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 'The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
'The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
'The sacred turtle-dove we hear
'Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 'Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
'Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit.'
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN LXX. [L. M.]

1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out:

2 'My dove, who hidest in the rock,
'Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
'Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
'And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 'Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
'My graces in thy countenance meet;
'Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
''Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.'

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN LXXI. [L. M.]

1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night;
Jesus, my Love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight?'

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my ſake with deadly ſmart;
I give my ſoul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens ſhare.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to diſturb my joys;
Nor ſin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cauſe my Saviour to depart.

HYMN LXXII. [L. M.]

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jeſus, thou everlaſting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worſhip be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladneſs of that happy day
Our hearts would with it long to ſtay;
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor comfort ſink, nor love grow cold.

5 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys;
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name,
At the great ſupper of the Lamb!

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace ſhall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN LXXIII. [L. M.]

1 KIND is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word;
'Lo, thou art fair, my love!' he cries;
'Not the young doves have ſweeter eyes.'

2 ['Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
'Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
'No spice so much delights the smell,
'Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]

3 'Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
'I will behold no spot in thee.'
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 'My sister, and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
'Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
'In strong delight and pleasing chains.'

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Sion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN LXXIV. [L. M.]

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly Wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

5 [Let my Beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant fruits at his own feaſt;
'I come, my ſpouſe,' I come,' he cries,
With love and pleaſure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well-pleas'd to ſmell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feaſt divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 'Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
'The bleſſings that my Father ſends;
'Your taſte ſhall all my dainties prove,
'And drink abundance of my love.'

8 Jeſus, we will frequent thy board,
And ſing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praiſe than tongues can give.]

HYMN LXXV. [L. M.]

1 THE wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I ſhould love my Jeſus ſo;
'What are his charms,' ſay they, 'above
'The objects of a mortal love?'

2 Yes, my Beloved to my ſight
Shews a ſweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and ſhine.

3 White is his ſoul, from blemiſh free;
Red, with the blood he ſhed for me;
The faireſt of ten thouſand fairs;
A ſun amongſt ten thouſand ſtars.

4 [His head the fineſt gold excels;
There wiſdom in perfection dwells:
And glory like a crown adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

5 Compaſſions in his heart are found,
Hard by the ſignals of his wound:
His ſacred ſide no more ſhall bear
The cruel ſcourge, the piercing ſpear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds ſet in rings of gold:
Thoſe heav'nly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with ſins and agonies;
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars ſtand.]

8 [His eyes are majeſty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Through thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.]

9 His mouth, that pour'd out ſong complaints,
Now ſmiles, and cheers his fainting ſaints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd, and yet ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too!

HYMN LXXVI. [L. M.]

1 WHEN ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may ſeek and love him too.

2 My beſt Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he deſcends, and ſhews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order ſtand;
He feeds among the ſpicy beds,
Where lilies ſhew their ſpotleſs heads.

4 He has engroſs'd my warmeſt love:
No earthly charms my ſoul can move:
I have a manſion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, ſhall make us part.]

5 [He takes my ſoul ere I'm aware,
And ſhews me where his glories are;
No chariots of Aminadab
The heav'nly rapture can deſcribe.

6 O may my ſpirit daily riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies,
Till death ſhall make my laſt remove
To dwell for ever with my Love!]

HYMN LXXVII. [L. M.]

1 NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he ſays,
'How fair my ſaints are in my ſight!
'My love, how pleaſant for delight!'

2 Kind is thy language, ſov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a ſtream divine
Flows, ſweeter than the choiceſt wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of ſaints that were almoſt aſleep,
To ſpeak the praiſes of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

4 Theſe are the joys he lets us know;
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a reliſh of his love,
But keeps his nobleſt feaſt above.

5 In paradiſe, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed, but thirſt no more.

HYMN LXXVIII. [L. M.]

1 WHO is this fair one in diſtreſs,
That travels from the wilderneſs,
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins,
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans?

2 This is the ſpouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood;
And her requeſt, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.

3 'O let my name engraven ſtand
'Both on thy heart, and on thy hand;
'Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
'That pledge of love for ever there.

4 'Stronger than death thy love is known,
'Which floods of wrath could never drown;
'And hell and earth in vain combine
'To quench a fire ſo much divine.

5 'But I am jealous of my heart,
'Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart;
'Then let thy name be well impreſs'd,
'As a fair ſignet on my breaſt.

6 'Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
'Where fears and doubts can never come;
'Thy count'nance let me often ſee,
'And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

7 'Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
'Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay;
'Fly like a youthful hart, or roe,
'Over the hills where ſpices grow.'

HYMN LXXIX. [L. M.]

1 GOD of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies;

2 From the fair chambers of the Eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without wearineſs or reſt,
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines;

3 Oh, like the ſun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way!

4 [But I ſhall rove, and loſe the race,
If God, my ſun, ſhould diſappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6 Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

H Y M N LXXX. [L. M.]

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days
And ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4 In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6 Thus, when the hour of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

HYMN LXXXI. [L. M.]

* 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXII. [L. M.]

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN LXXXIII. [C. M.]

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!

2 As ſparks break out from burning coals,
And ſtill are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our ſouls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd grace:
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteouſneſs.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future peace:
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

HYMN LXXXIV. [L. M.]

1 JEHOVAH ſpeaks, let Iſr'el hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His ſov'reign honours and his names;

2 'I am the laſt, and I the firſt,
'The Saviour God, and God the juſt;
'There's none beſide pretends to ſhew
'Such juſtice and ſalvation too.

3 ['Ye that in ſhades of darkneſs dwell,
'Juſt on the verge of death and hell,
'Look up to me from diſtant lands,
'Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.

4 'I by my holy name have ſworn,
'Nor ſhall the word in vain return,
'To me ſhall all things bend the knee,
'And ev'ry tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]

5 'In me alone ſhall men confeſs
'Lies all their ſtrength and righteouſneſs;
'But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my name,
'I'll clothe them with eternal ſhame.

6 'In me, the Lord, ſhall all the ſeed
'Of Iſr'el from their ſins be freed,
'And by their ſhining graces prove
'Their int'reſt in my pard'ning love.'

HYMN LXXXV. [S. M.]

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
'Mercy and juſtice are the names
'By which I will be known.

2 'Ye dying ſouls, that ſit
'In darkneſs and diſtreſs,
'Look from the borders of the pit
'To my recov'ring grace.'

3 Sinners ſhall hear the ſound;
Their thankful tongues ſhall own,
'Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength is found
'In thee, the Lord, alone.'

4 In thee ſhall Iſr'el truſt,
And ſee their guilt forgiv'n:
God will pronounce the ſinners juſt,
And take the ſaints to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI. [C. M.]

1 HOW ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteouſneſs,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thouſand faults
Can bear a juſt defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe;
What vain preſumers dare
Againſt their Maker's hand to riſe,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old ſeats are torn;
He ſhakes the earth, from South to North,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the ſun forbear to riſe;
Th' obedient ſun forbears:
His hand with ſackcloth ſpreads the ſkies,
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

6 He walks upon the ſtormy ſea,
Flies on the ſtormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footſteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVII. [L. M.]

1 THUS ſaith the high and lofty One,
'I ſit upon my holy throne;
'My name is God; I dwell on high;
'Dwell in my own eternity.

2 'But I deſcend to worlds below;
'On earth I have a manſion too;
'The humble ſpirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.

3 'The humble ſoul my words revive;
'I bid the mourning ſinner live;
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And eaſe the ſorrows of the mind.

4 ['When I contend againſt their ſin,
'I make them know how vile they've been;
'But ſhould my wrath for ever ſmoke,
'Their ſouls would ſink beneath my ſtroke.'

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair and die!
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. [L. M.]

1 LIFE is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t' inſure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God hath giv'n,
To 'ſcape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.]

3 The living know that they muſt die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.]

5 Then what my thoughts deſign to do,
My hands, with all your might purſue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

HYMN LXXXIX. [L. M.]

1 YE ſons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire:

2 Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your hearts with ſongs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your ſecret faults;
The works of darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the ſun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due,
Should ſtrike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord.

HYMN XC. [C. M.]

1 LO, the young tribes of Adam riſe,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wiſhes of their eyes,
And taſte the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know,
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever blest.

HYMN XCI. [L. M.]

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your creator God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone.'

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name:
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And, when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN XCII. [S. M.]

1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 'I was his chief delight,
'His everlasting Son,
'Before the first of all his works,
'Creation was begun.

3 [' Before the flying clouds,
' Before the solid land,
' Before the fields, before the floods,
' I dwelt at his right hand,

4 ' When he adorn'd the skies,
' And built them, I was there,
' To order when the sun should rise,
' And marshal ev'ry star.

5 ' When he pour'd out the sea,
' And spread the flowing deep;
' I gave the flood a firm decree,
' In its own bounds to keep.]

6 ' Upon the empty air
' The earth was balanc'd well;
' With joy I saw the mansion where
' The sons of men should dwell.

7 ' My busy thoughts at first
' On their salvation ran,
' Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
' Was fashion'd to a man.

8 ' Then come, receive my grace,
' Ye children, and be wise;
' Happy the man that keeps my ways;
' The man that shuns them, dies.'

HYMN XCIII. [L. M.]

1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
' Blest's the man that hears my word;
' Keeps daily watch before my gates,
' And at my feet for mercy waits.'

2 ' The soul that seeks me shall obtain
' Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain:
' Immortal life is his reward,
' Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 ' But the vile wretch that flies from me,
' Doth his own soul an injury;
' Fools, that against my grace rebel,
' Seek death, and love the road to hell.'

H Y M N XCIV. [C. M.]

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

H Y M N XCV. [C. M.]

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raiſe a ſoul to Heav'n.

2 The ſov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like ſome heav'nly wind,
Blows on the ſons of fleſh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

4 Our quicken'd ſouls awake, and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

HYMN XCVI. [C. M.]

1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace!

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN XCVII. [L. M.]

1 BURY'D in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing 'The Lord our righteousness.'

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCVIII. [S. M.]

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Chriſt, with his reviving light,
Over our ſouls ariſe!

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But, in his righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls in vain:
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XCIX. [C. M.]

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Deſcended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardeſt ſtones,
And fill the houſe of Abr'am well
With new created ſons.

3 Such wondrous pow'r doth he poſſeſs,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptineſs;
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN C. [L. M.]

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace,
Who God's eternal son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN CI. [L. M.]

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN CII. [L. M.]

1 [BLESS'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3 [Blest'd are the meek, who stand aloof
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

4 [Blest'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness
They shall be well supply'd, and fed,
With living streams and living bread.]

5 [Blest'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

6 [Blest'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powr's of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7 [Blest'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8 [Blest'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN CIII. [C. M.]

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

H Y M N CIV. [C. M.]

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! And such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

H Y M N CV. [C. M.]

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a Heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the ragion peace;
No wanton lips, nor curious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But follow'rs of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CVII. [S. M.]

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. [L. M.]

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell,
When satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take possession of the man:
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 'The woman's seed shall be my Son;
'He shall destroy what thou hast done;
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy malice raging at his heel.'

5 He spake; and bid four thousand years
Roll on;—at length his Son appears!
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

HYMN CVIII. [8. M.]

1 * NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

HYMN CIX. [L. M.]

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but lost for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CX. [C. M.]

1 * THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly;

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for Heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

H Y M N CXI. [C. M.]

1 [LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding thro' his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN CXII. [C. M.]

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 'Look upward in the dying hour,
'And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the Heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CXIII. [C. M.]

1 HOW large the promise! how divine,
To Abram and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
'Supplying all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

HYMN CXIV. [C. M.]

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. [C. M.]

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry, with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

H Y M N CXVI. [L. M.]

1 THUS faith the first, the great command,
'Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
'To love thy Maker and thy God,
'With utmost rigour and delight.

2 'Then shall thy neighbour next in place
'Share thine affections and esteem;
'And let thy kindness to thyself
'Measure and rule thy love to him.'

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

H Y M N CXVII. [L. M.]

1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 [What, if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure?

6 What, if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employ,
To mark out some of mortal race
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will revere,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror, shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN CXXVIII. [L.M.]

1 THE law by Moses came,
but peace, and truth, and love,
Were wrought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid:
Over all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN CXIX. [C. M.]

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme:
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3 The vital favour of his name
Renores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN CXX. [C. M.]

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abr'am, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN CXXI. [C. M.]

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
'I'll be a God to thee;
'I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
'Shall be a seed for me.'

2 Abr'am believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God's embrace.
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houshold to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN CXXII. [L. M.]

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive a living breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN CXXIII. [C. M.]

1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 'I die with hunger here,' he cries;
'I starve in foreign lands,
'My father's house has large supplies,
'And bounteous are his hands.

3 'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
'Fall down before his face;
'Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
'Nor can deserve thy grace.

4 He said, and fallen to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The father's voice command)
'Dress him in garments white and clean,
'With elegance adorn his hand.

7 'A day of feasting I ordain,
'Let mirth and joy abound;
'My son was dead, and lives again,
'Was lost, and now is found.

HYMN CXXIV. [L. M.]

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence spring our nature and our shame.

2 Adam the sinner, at his fall
Death, like a tyrant, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But when our hearts, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the triumphs of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd but Paul to his own;
Adam the second from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life, there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN CXXV. [C. M.]

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. [L. M.]

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue:
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the Gentile or the Jew.

H Y M N CXXVII. [L. M.]

1 'COME hither, all ye weary ſouls,
'Ye heavy-laden ſinners, come;
'I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
'And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.

2 'They ſhall find reſt that learn of me,
'I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
'But paſſion rages like the ſea,
'And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

3 'Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
'My yoke, and bear it with delight;
'My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
'My grace ſhall make the burden light.'

4 Jeſus, we come at thy commands,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

H Y M N CXXVIII. [L. M.]

1 'GO preach my goſpel,' ſaith the Lord:
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
'He ſhall be ſav'd that truſts my word;
'He ſhall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 '[I'll make your great commiſſion known,
'And ye ſhall prove my goſpel true,
'By all the works that I have done,
'By all the wonders ye ſhall do.

3 'Go heal the ſick, go raiſe the dead,
'Go caſt out devils in my name;
'Nor let my prophets be afraid,
'Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaſpheme.]

4 'Teach all the nations my commands;
'I'm with you till the world ſhall end;
'All pow'r is truſted in my hands,
'I can deſtroy, and can defend.'

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to Heav'n he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN CXXIX. [L. M.]

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abr'am with obedient hand
Led forth his son, at God's command:
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 'Abr'am, forbear,' the angel cry'd;
'Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
'Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
'Shall the whole earth be blest indeed.'

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN CXXX. [L. M.]

1 NOW, by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and strife for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of strife and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, his son.

HYMN CXXXI. [L. M.]

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN CXXXII. [L. M.]

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXXXIII. [C. M.]

1 LET pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.]

4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN CXXXIV. [L. M.]

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in Heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove;
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CXXXV. [L. M.]

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ, his Son.

HYMN CXXXVI. [C. M.]

1 GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN CXXXVII. [L. M.]

1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n,
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls our wand'ring feet to Heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our Heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

H. M. CXXXVIII. [C. M.]

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

H. M. CXXXIX. [L. M.]

1 HOW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace,
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all Heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN CXLI. [C. M.]

1 MISTAKEN souls that dream of Heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN CXLII. [S. M.]

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

5 'But I'll prolong his days,
'And make his kingdom stand;
'My pleasure,' saith the God of grace,
'Shall prosper in his hand.

6 ['His joyful soul shall see
'The purchase of his pain,
'And by his knowledge justify
'The guilty sons of men.]

7 ['Ten thousand captive slaves,
'Releas'd from death and sin,
'Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
'And own his pow'r divine.]

8 ['Heav'n shall advance my Son
'To joys that earth deny'd;
'Who saw the follies men had done,
'And bore their ills, and dy'd.']

HYMN CXLII. [S. M.]

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.

6 'I'll give him,' saith the Lord,
'A portion with the strong;
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

HYMN CXLIII. [C. M.]

1 AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.]

4 [Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the vail,
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of ever-flowing grace,
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, 'My Father, God!'
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN CXLIV. [C. M.]

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN CXLV. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offrings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4 [Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
Before the golden throne.]

6 [But Christ by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN CXLVI. [L. M.]

1 GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord.
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the sweet perfume.]

6 [Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine.]

7 [Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.]

11 [Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise of every sort,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

13 [Is he design'd the corner-stone,
For men to build their Heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright and morning star.]

16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor Heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. [L. M.]

1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays:
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb relents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
'Light of the world, and Life of men;'
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII.

As the 148th Psalm.

1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature, and art,
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Delivers and
Partakes the throne.

3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd
'The Word of God,'
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love,
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar,
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
'Light of the world,'
'And Life of men;'
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to be
A Mediator part.
He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord the Judge
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX. [L. M.]

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But oh! what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with Heav'n.]

5 [My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O never let me run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul in freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High-priest, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing,
Thine is the victory, and I see
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]

HYMN CL.

As the 148th Psalm.

* 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with Heav'n.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

6 I love my shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs

7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set;
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunders by.
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

10 [My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

12 Should all the hoſts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe;
For Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe;
For Christ displays
Superior power,
And guardian grace.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

Composed on DIVINE SUBJECTS.

H. V. M. N. I. [L. M.]

1 NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]

3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.]

4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

5 [This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of vile try dream in vain,
And own the captivating chain.]

6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky;
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna, from ten thousand tongues.

10 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

HYMN II. [C. M.]

1 [MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!]

2 Lingring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atone;
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well imbrac'd his love.

HYMN III. [C. M.]

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN IV. [L. M.]

1 HERE at the cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Not hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dares my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

H Y M N V. [L. M.]

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

H Y M N VI. [C. M.]

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.

8 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

9 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouze his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

10 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

11 A thousand wretched hours are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

12 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN VII. [C. M.]

* 1 [DREAD sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that gave
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplyd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

6 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

H Y M N VIII. [C. M.]

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand spares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

H Y M N IX. [C. M.]

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Wou'd he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious suff'rer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thanks and praise,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN X. [C. M.]

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire,
To bound its joy and solid mirth
My noblest thoughts aspire.

4 Where pleasure rolls in living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fills the heav'n the mind,

5 Th'almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-ſufficience there,
To make our bliſs complete.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly roads;
There ſits my Saviour dreſt in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

HYMN XI. [L. M.]

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.

2 Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black deſpair;
And, while I liſten'd to your ſong,
Your ſtreams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchleſs grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs;
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperior bliſs.

4 Now to the ſhining realms above
I ſtretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5 There from the boſom of my God
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll;
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

HYMN XII. [C. M.]

1 THE true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2 No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullocks ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly gums,
Would all be baſe in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to shew
The wonders of his love!
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
'For I myself have dy'd;'
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN XIII. [L. M.]

SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dan,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the lofty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new Heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN XIV. [S. M.]

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN XV. [L.M.]

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows on thy right hand,
And in sweet streams by their side
Rivers of life's perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, sacred Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XVII. [L. M.]

PART II.

* 7 LORD, what a Heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passion to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

8 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet;
And all that earth calls good or great.

9 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our rapt'rd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could fix, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

10 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To these fair scenes of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

11 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees:
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of Heav'n on worms below.

12 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimple of Thee, a glimple of thee.]

HYMN XVII. [C. M.]

1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And roule up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4 While like the tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come,
The creatures look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN XVIII. [L. M.]

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 'Go, saith the Lord*, my Gabriel, go
'Salute the virgin's fruitful womb
'Make haste, ye † cherubs, down below,
'Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.'

3 Here a bright squadron ‡ cleaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's ‖ hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are toiling to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.
‖ Acts xii. 7.

5 Are they not all thy servants, O Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN XIX. [C. M.]

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Frail as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
'Let blood,' said he, 'flow round the veins;'
And round the veins it flows.]

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN XX. [C. M.]

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
And I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The favour of thy grace,
My heart pursues [cannot lose.
The relish all my days.

4 But, ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That fled a Saviour so?

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving hands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN XXII. [L. M.]

1 LED the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell
How the black gulph, where satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance flood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth, and wider Heav'n.

HYMN XXII. [L. M.]

1 TERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows streak the traitor thro',
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
'With endless burnings who can dwell,
'Or bear the fury of a God?'

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, blest saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN XXIII. [L. M.]

1 DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN XXIV. [L. M.]

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sate,
Amongst the morning-stars he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

[1] Job xxxviii. 7.

3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
'Son of the morning†, from the skies!']

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
O! may he slay this treach'rous guest!

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
Thine everlasting arms we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN XXV. [C. M.]

1 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and toil, and strive;
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

† Isa. xiv. 12.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN XXVI. [L. M.]

* 1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half-way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies:
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN XXVII. [L. M.]

1 GOD! the eternal awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And fatan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

8 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.

4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right-hand of his,
That vanquish'd satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What dreadful jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.]

8 [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host;
You that beheld the sinking foe:
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XXVIII. [C. M.]

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise;
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, oh the souls that never die!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

H Y M N XXIX. [C. M.]

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blest'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

H Y M N XXX. [S. M.]

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets.]

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN XXXI. [L. M.]

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors she has past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN XXXII. [C. M.]

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vain our souls affairs!
Yet fearless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay,
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever mad nine to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And for salvation fly.

HYMN XXXIII. [C. M.]

1 RAISE thee, my ſoul, fly up, and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſphere,
And ſay, There's nought below the ſun,
That's worthy of thy fear.

2 [Thus will we mount on ſacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightieſt things,
Shall tempt our meaneſt love.]

3 There on a high majeſtic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious goodneſs down
On all the bleſſed plains.

4 Bright, like the ſun, the Saviour ſits,
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the ſceptre moon.

5 Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies
Behold the ſacred Dove,
While baniſh'd ſin and ſorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

7 [But, O what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile!]

8 Jeſus! O when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay,
To dwell amongſt them there?

HYMN XXXIV. [C. M.]

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

1 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N XXXV. [C. M.]

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our hands, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

H Y M N XXXVI. [S. M.]

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

2 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
Hosanna to the God of grace
That lays his thunder by.]

6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN XXXVII. [C. M.]

1 LET up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring;
The Priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast:
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavinly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest!
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

HYMN XXXVIII. [C. M.]

1 HAPPY the heart where grace doth reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN XXXIX. [C. M.]

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
Evil and few, the patriarch says,*
And well the patriarch knew.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That Heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN XL. [C. M.]

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands!
Ev'n when he hides his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of Heav'n possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN XLI. [L. M.]

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in all! eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN XLII. [C. M.]

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple flies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upwards to thy skies,
And tunes his warbling throats.

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Oh, sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quickning grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd flame;
Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.

HYMN XLIII. [L. M.]

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came, to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around;
His precious blood the monster spilt;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XLIV. [L. M.]

1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Fast in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts of inflict immortal pains,
Dipt in the blood of damned souls.

4 There, satan the first sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they would scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they tocens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN XLV. [L. M.]

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN XLVI. [L. M.]

1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

3 [God, that muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do,
Down to our earth he caſts his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downward too.]

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls, the King of kings
Beſtows his counſels and his cares.

5 Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condeſcenſion to perform;
For worms were never rais'd ſo high
Above their meaneſt fellow-worm.

7 O could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third Heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

HYMN XLVII. [L. M.]

1 NOW to the Lord a noble ſong;
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue:
Hoſanna to th' Eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Hath all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in his look a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands:
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
There all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

* HYMN XLVIII. [C. M.]

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wand'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XLIX. [C. M.]

* 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN L. [L. M.]

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But O! the swelling sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. [L. M.]

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right-hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity:
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.]

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN LII. [C. M.]

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to Heav'n she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You might be driv'n from earth and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd Heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day:
Come, death, and some celestial band
To bear my soul away.

HYMN LIII. [C. M.]

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

7 [By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home.]

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN LIV. [L. M.]

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

HYMN LV. [C. M.]

1 THEE we adore, Eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN LVII. [C. M.]

1 NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod:
Well, they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine:
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN LVII. [L. M.]

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have Heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as Summer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN LVIII. [C.M.]

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear,
Then glide away in haste,
That we can never say, 'They're here;'
But only say, 'They're past.']

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LIX. [C. M.]

1 GLORY to God that walks the sky,
And rides his blessings thro';
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down,
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young Heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.

6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN LX. [L. M.]

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleaſe.

2 Praise to the goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live:
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who ſpoke, and ſpread the ſkies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O, for a ſtrong and laſting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith,
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of Heav'n our own!

7 Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our ſteady ſouls would fear no more
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own counſels his pow'r ſuſtains.

HYMN LXI. [C. M.]

1 MY ſoul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb!
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God!]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN LXII. [C. M.]

1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts;
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky;
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN LXIII. [C. M.]

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears, attend the cry:
'Ye living men, come view the ground
'Where you must shortly lie.

2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
'In spite of all your tow'rs!
'The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
'Must lie as low as ours.'

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN LXIV. [L. M.]

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our ſouls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our ſhield, and God our ſun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

HYMN LXV. [C. M.]

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd;
Then I can ſmile at ſatan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All:

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN LXVI. [C. M.]

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures banish pain.

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields, beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſs'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But sinful mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXVII. [C. M.]

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN LXVIII. [C. M.]

* 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heav'nly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' Eternal All.]

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity* confess.]

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

* Isai. xl. 17.

HYMN LXIX. [C. M.]

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord,
'For wretched dying men';
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please;
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His ev'ry word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, 'Let the wide Heav'n be spread';
And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
'Abr'am, I'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abr'am's God.

8 Oh, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my Heav'n secure!
I'd trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN LXX. [L. M.]

1 GOD of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice;
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſilent in the ſand.

2 If but a Moſes wave thy rod,
The ſea divides, and owns its God:
The ſtormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his choſen armies through.

3 The ſcaly flocks amidſt the ſea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh that ſwims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praiſe to God.

4 [The larger monſters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permiſſion ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempeſt rears,
Leviathan lies ſtill, and fears;
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.]

6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,
Amidſt theſe wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the ſeas,
Bold men! refuſe their Maker's praiſe.

7 [What ſcenes of miracles they ſee,
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride,
They curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves:
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the God that reſcu'd them.]

9 O, for ſome ſignal of thine hand!
Shake all the ſeas, Lord, ſhake the land:
Great Judge, deſcend, leſt men deny
That there's a God that rules the ſky.

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the ſtanza.

H Y M N LXXI. [C. M.]

1 THE glories of my Maker God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks and trees, and fires and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unwearied courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

H Y M N LXXII. [C. M.]

1 BLESS'D morning, whoſe young dawning [rays
Beheld our riſing God;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his laſt abode!

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King,
Let Heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN LXXIII. [C. M.]

1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

HYMN LXXIV. [S. M.]

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the ſkies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men:
But we, more baſe, more brutiſh things,
Reject his eaſy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, ſov'reign Grace! theſe hearts of ſtone,
And give us hearts of fleſh.

6 Let paſt ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks ariſe.

HYMN LXXV. [C. M.]

* 1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed Jeſus reigns
In Heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jeſus! ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring;
And thouſand taſtes of new delight
From all thy graces ſpring.

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And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jeſus! ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring;
And thouſand taſtes of new delight
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN LXXVI. [C. M.]

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

5 [Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode:
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let Heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praiſe.]

HYMN LXXVII. [L. M.]

1 [STAND up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.]

3 [What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endleſs night.

4 What tho' thine inward luſts rebel,
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins, and end the ſtrife.]

5 Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

HYMN LXXVIII. [C. M.]

1 WHEN the firſt parents of our race
Rebell'd, and loſt their God,
And the infection of their ſin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Deſcending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aſide the Prince of Glory threw
His moſt divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our fleſh and ſoul
We joyfully reſign;
Bleſs'd Jeſus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN LXXIX. [C. M.]

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.]

8 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN LXXX. [S. M.]

1 OH! the almighty Lord!
How matchleſs is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the Heav'nly adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne;
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he ſhall tread you down.

3 Above the ſkies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals unſufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlaſting God!
We love to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Thy ſceptre's equal to thy rod,
The ſceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That ſits enthron'd above;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bleſs the God of love.

HYMN LXXXI. [C. M.]

1 AND now the ſcales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to ſee;
O, the curs'd deeds my ſins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were theſe the traitors, deareſt Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monſters that ſtain'd thoſe heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My deareſt Lord was ſlain,
When juſtice ſeiz'd God's only Son,
And put his ſoul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace!
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN LXXXII. [C. M.]

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God:
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his harmless spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. [C. M.]

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
'Awake, my dreadful sword!
'Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
'My fellow,' saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down he flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high;
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN LXXXIV. [S. M.]

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more;
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer ſits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories ſhine
With uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints' and angels' eyes
To everlaſting days.

HYMN LXXXV. [C. M.]

1 WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
Thoſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith,
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2 What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe!

5 It riſes high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither ſhore nor bound;
Now, if we ſearch to find our ſins,
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN LXXXVI. [C. M.]

1 OUR ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be!
And, like a vi'lent ſea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3 There, to fulfil his ſweet commands,
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And ſmile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jeſus and ſalvation be
The cloſe of ev'ry ſong.

HYMN LXXXVII. [C. M.]

1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Muſt our Creator be,
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt Infinity!

2 Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
Tow'rd the celeſtial throne;
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
And climbs above the ſkies;
But ſtill, how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reaſon lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

H. Y. M. N. LXXXVIII. [C. M.]

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe by grace divine,
To ſee a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

H. Y. M. N. LXXXIX. [C. M.]

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies;
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the ſkies.

2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd ſheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r,
And malice to the deep.

3 Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand ſongs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathleſs fame
Thro' the wide world ſhall run,
And everlaſting ages ſing
The triumphs thou haſt won.

H Y M N XC. [C. M.]

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his fatal chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O! help my unbelief!

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.]

H Y M N XCI. [C. M.]

* 1 O H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive, at his feet.

5 Those feet, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.]

7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

HYMN XCII. [C. M.]

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire;
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And, on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

5 [Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
And we the ſacrifice;
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape all-ſearching eyes.

6 Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their treaſons all betray'd;
Praiſe to the Lord, that broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the buſy ſons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their ſouls ſhall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r:
Let Britain with united ſongs
Almighty grace adore.

H Y M N XCIII. [S. M.]

1 MY God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live, if thou remove;
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 [The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis Heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

8 [To thee my ſpirits fly
With infinite deſire;
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus, raiſe me higher.]

HYMN XCIV. [C. M.]

* 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all,
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3 [In vain the bright, the burning ſun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed,
Amongſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhews his head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;
Without thy graces, and thy ſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN XCV. [C. M.]

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman ſword.

2 O, the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and jagged thorns
His ſacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns
In vain do I accuſe;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormenters were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs head:
Break, break, my heart! O, burſt, mine eyes!
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty ſoul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled woe.

HYMN XCVI. [C. M.]

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Purſu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliſs
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a ſinking world.

3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeaſurable grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To ſave a trait'rous race?

4 Muſt angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs fire,
While God forſakes his ſhining throne
To raiſe us wretches higher?

5 O, for this love, let earth and ſkies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs ſing.

HYMN XCVII. [L. M.]

1 FROM Heav'n the ſinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkneſs chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forſook his bliſs,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of ſov'reign grace,
That could diſtinguiſh rebels ſo!
Our guilty treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our ſouls, our ſelves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN XCVIII. [C. M.]

1 * MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breaſt,
Juſt like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN XCIX. [C. M.]

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

HYMN C. [L. M.]

* 1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, Depart!

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And Heav'n, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares ingross the day,
And hold my thoughts little from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

9 [My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible!—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That, where thou art, thy friends must be.]

HYMN CI. [C. M.]

1 WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath:
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dangerous snares to souls:
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion, and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew:
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with Heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. [L. M.]

1 NO; I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust:
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day:
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5 [Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of this day.]

HYMN CIII. [C. M.]

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN CIV. [S. M.]

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. [C. M.]

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3 Almighty Goodneſs cries, Forbear;
And ſtraight the thunder ſlays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye luſts, ſhall ye command;
No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. [C. M.]

1 OH, if my ſoul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God,
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

HYMN CVII. [C. M.]

* 1 THAT awful day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge,
And paſs the ſolemn teſt.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the ſound, Depart?

3 [The thunder of that diſmal word
Would ſo torment my ear,
'Twould tear my ſoul aſunder, Lord,
With moſt tormenting fear.]

4 [What, to be baniſh'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?]

5 O! wretched ſtate of deep deſpair,
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful ſtation where
I muſt not taſte his love!

6 Jeſus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breaſt;
Without a gracious ſmile from thee
My ſpirit cannot reſt.

7 O! tell me that my worthleſs name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me ſome promiſe in thy book,
Where my ſalvation ſtands!

8 [Give me one kind aſſuring word,
To ſink my fears again:
And cheerfully my ſoul ſhall wait
Her threeſcore years and ten.]

HYMN CVIII. [C. M.]

* 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And hot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd a consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That crimson'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
That lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. [L. M.]

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile;
We, tho' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wildeness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

HYMN CX. [S. M.]

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXI. [C. M.]

1 ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd:
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Long may the King our Sov'reign live
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord!]

HYMN CXII. [L. M.]

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, and of love.

3 His orders run thro' all the hosts;
Legions defend at his command,
To shield and guard the British coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come;
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN CXIII. [C. M.]

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams:
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies;
Behold a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to Heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host
To see a sinner turn;
Then satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found;
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CXIV. [C. M.]

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finish'd,' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd,' our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To Heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXV. [C. M.]

1 HIGH as the Heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you Gods, that awful name!
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of Heav'n with fear:
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN CXVI. [C. M.]

* 1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the Heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine:
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN CXVII. [L. M.]

1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires, if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile:
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for Heav'n awhile.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN CXVIII. [L. M.]

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN CXIX. [C. M.]

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fear,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief allwage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes that pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 O! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand!

HYMN CXX. [S. M.]

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling, from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood!
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN CXXI. [L. M.]

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that falls but once!
But, in the gospel, Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN CXXII. [L. M.]

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe;
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

4 Be earth with all her ſcenes withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be gone;
In ſecret ſilence of the mind,
My Heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN CXXIII. [L. M.]

* 1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our ſouls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans aſcend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety.

4 [If ſatan rage and ſin grow ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome cheering word;
We gird the goſpel-armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our ſpirit faints and dies,
(Our conſcience gall'd with inward ſtings)
Here doth the righteous Sun ariſe
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

† 6 Father! my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide;
But if my feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN CXXIV. [C. M.]

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring us ſafe to Heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Aaron the prieſt reſigns his breath,
At God's immediate will;
And in the deſert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder ſide
The tribes of Iſr'el ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head and dy'd,
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Iſr'el rejoice, now Joſhua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to reſt;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

HYMN CXXV. [L. M.]

1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To ſouls that mourn the ſins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of Heav'n
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The ſtubborn ſin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He ſeals the curſe on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

* Joſhua, *the ſame with* Jeſus.

HYMN CXXVII. [C. M.]

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond what e'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CXXVII. [L. M.]

1 THUS did the sons of Abr'am pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abr'am praiſe.

HYMN CXXVIII. [C. M.]

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence
Adam, our Father, ſtood,
Till he debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe,
And ate forbidden food.

2 Now we are born a ſenſual race,
To ſinful joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native place,
And fleſh enſlaves the mind.

3 While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion reign,
Sin is the ſweeteſt good;
We fancy muſic in our chains,
And ſo forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;
Our broken pow'rs reſtore;
Inſpire us with a heav'nly flame,
And fleſh ſhall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the ſecond Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. [L. M.]

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deſerts dark as night,
Till we arrive at Heav'n, our home;
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of ſight ſhe well ſupplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into diſtant worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the deſert thro',
While faith inſpires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempeſts blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CXXX. [C. M.]

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew;
'Behold I sit upon my throne,
'Creating all things new.

2 'Nature and sin are pass'd away,
'And the old Adam dies;
'My hands a new foundation lay;
'See the new world arise!

3 'I'll be a Son of righteousness
'To the new Heav'ns I make;
'None but the new-born heirs of grace
'My glories shall partake.'

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin:
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that Grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN CXXXI. [L. M.]

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heathnish bliss
Could raise such pleasure in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. [C. M.]

1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXXIII. [L. M.]

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN CXXXIV. [C. M.]

1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
'I will the God of Abr'am be,
'And of his num'rous race.'

2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke:
Long did the sons of Abr'am feel
The sharp and painful yoke:

3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abr'am claims our praise;
His promises endure;
And Christ the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN CXXXV. [L. M.]

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed,
To give him the superior room!

2 Abr'am, the saint, rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN CXXXVI. [L. M.]

1 THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders, and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The Eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The Infant-Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And blest the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN CXXXVII. [L. M.]

1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son:
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the Heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. [L. M.]

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did Wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 [Where satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lust its wondrous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew;
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CXXXIX. [L. M.]

* 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will;
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. [C. M.]

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to Heav'n.

HYMN CXLI. [C. M.]

1 MY Saviour-God, my sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord that stoops so low
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figure still.

HYMN CXLII. [S. M.]

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXLIII. [C. M.]

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN CXLIV. [L. M.]

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North:
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
'Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

H Y M N CXLV. [C. M.]

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 O, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

H Y M N CXLVI. [L. M.]

1 MAN has a soul of vain desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

H Y M N CXLVII. [C. M.]

1 'NOW let a spacious world arise,'
Said the Creator-Lord;
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

2 [Dark was the deep: the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds afcend on high:
The clouds afcend, and bear
A wat'ry treafure to the fky,
And float on fofter air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling feas together flow,
And leave the folid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to blefs the earth,
Or fun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper fkies;
Behold the fun appears,
The moon and ftars in order rife,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fifh of ev'ry name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing herds of various form
Rofe from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' fov'reign of the reft;
Defign'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blefs'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation ftood;
He faw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature ſtands,
Thy praiſe ſhall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted ſong.

HYMN CXLVIII. [C. M.]

* 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jeſus, and my God,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father ſmiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human fleſh I ſee,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
His grace removes my ſins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wiſdom boaſt,
I love th' Incarnate Myſtery,
And there I fix my truſt.

HYMN CXLIX. [C. M.]

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the ſky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majeſty
Our firſt obedience owe.

2 Our ſouls adore thy throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy providence
For magiſtrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The crowns of Britiſh princes ſhine
With rays above the reſt,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bleſs'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
While virtue finds reward;
And ſinners periſh from the land
By juſtice and the ſword.

5 Let Cæſar's due be ever paid
To Cæſar and his throne;
But conſciences and ſouls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

H Y M N CL. [C. M.]

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence:
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

H Y M N CLI. [L. M.]

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets ſpoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inſpire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the meſſages they brought;
The prophet's pen ſucceeds his breath,
To ſave the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false pictures of the mind
Be loſt, and vaniſh in the wind;
Here beam'ſt my hope ſecure,
This is thy word, and muſt endure.

H Y M N CLII. [C. M.]

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempeſt, fire and ſmoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4 Behold the bleſſed aſſembly there,
Whoſe names are writ in Heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5 The ſaints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Chriſt their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt:
The man that dwells where Jeſus is
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

H Y M N CLIII. [C. M.]

1 SIN, like a venomous diſeaſe,
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is ſov'reign grace,
And the phyſician, God.

2 Our beauty and our ſtrength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Chriſt the Lord recals the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madneſs by nature reigns within,
The paſſions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with ſkill divine
The inward fire aſſuage.

4 [We lick the duſt, we graſp the wind,
And ſolid good deſpiſe:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jeſus makes us wiſe.

5 We give our ſouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poiſ'nous gall,
And ruſh with fury down to hell;
But Heav'n prevents the fall.]

6 [The man poſſeſs'd, among the tombs
Cuts his own fleſh, and cries;
He foams and raves till Jeſus comes,
And the foul ſpirit flies.]

HYMN CLIV. [L. M.]

1 'WHERE are the mourners*, ſaith the Lord,
'That wait and tremble at my word?
'That walk in darkneſs all the day?
'Come, make my name your truſt and ſtay.

2 ['No works nor duties of your own
'Can for the ſmalleſt ſin atone;
'† The robes that nature may provide,
'Will not your leaſt pollutions hide.

3 'The ſofteſt couch that nature knows
'Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
'Look to my righteouſneſs, and live;
'Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 'Ye ſons of pride, that kindle coals
'With your own hands to warm your ſouls;
'Walk in the light of your own fire,
'Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire.

* Iſa. l. 10, 11. † Iſa. xxviii. 20.

5 'This is your portion at my hands,
'Hell waits you with her iron hands;
'Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
'In death, in darkness, and despair.'

HYMN CLV. [C. M.]

1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Isr'el is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN CLVI. [C. M.]

* 1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he perſuades 'how eaſy 'tis,
'To walk the road to Heav'n;'
Anon he ſwells our ſins, and cries,
'They cannot be forgiv'n.'

4 [He bids young ſinners, 'yet forbear
'To think of God or death:
'For prayer and devotion are
'But melancholy breath.']

5 He tells the aged, 'they muſt die,
'And 'tis too late to pray;
'In vain for mercy now they cry,
'For they have loſt their day.']

6 Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit,
And drags the ſons of Adam down
To darkneſs and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut ſhort his pow'r,
Let him in darkneſs dwell:
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CLVII. [C. M.]

1 NOW ſatan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to deſtroy:
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye ſons of God, oppoſe his rage:
Reſiſt, and he'll be gone:
Thus did our deareſt Lord engage,
And vanquiſh him alone.

3 Now he appears almoſt divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old ſerpent lurks within
When he aſſumes the dove.

4 Fly from the falſe deceiver's tongue,
Ye ſons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the ſnare too ſtrong,
Nor ſhould the children try.

HYMN CLVIII. [L. M.]

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command:'
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN CLIX. [C. M.]

1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.]

2 [From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6 We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends,
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN CLX. [L. M.]

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their temper and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian ſlaves
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the leaſt controul:
None but a pow'r divinely ſtrong
Can turn the current of the ſoul.

4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. [C. M.]

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is ſtrait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds miſtake, and die.

2 Beloved ſelf muſt be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd, and patience try'd,
And vain deſires ſubdu'd.

3 Fleſh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Fleſh muſt be humbled, pride abas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our ſouls.

4 The love of gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry ſenſe,
In ſweet ſubjection lie.

5 The tongue, that moft unruly pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint:
We muſt be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble helpleſs worm
Fulfil a taſk ſo hard?
Thy grace muſt all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

H Y M N CLXII. [C. M.]

1 MY thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the veil;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold with ſweet delight,
The bleſſed Three in One;
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promiſe ſtands for ever firm;
His grace ſhall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are!
When with eternal, future things,
The preſent we compare.

5 I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

H Y M N CLXIII. [C. M.]

1 DEAR Lord, behold our ſore diſtreſs,
Our ſins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.

2 The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble ſheep;
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
To slay our deadly foes;
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN CLXIV. [C. M.]

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground?

HYMN CLXV. [C. M.]

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound *
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN CLXVI. [C. M.]

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great Invisible he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.]

6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King!
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

H Y M N CLXVII. [L. M.]

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 [His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he commands, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high, beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.]

8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 O, tell me with a gentle voice,
'Thou art my God,' and I'll rejoice;
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

H Y M N CLXVIII. [L. M.]

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robe is light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join!
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX.

The same as Psalm cxlviii.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father, and my friend?'
I love his name!
I love his word!
Join, all my pow'rs,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN CLXX. [L. M.]

1 [CAN creatures to perfection find *
Th' eternal uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

* Job xi. 7, &c.

2 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe;
Born like a wild, young colt, he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And ſmells and ſnuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King, of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul:
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 * He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon;
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon:
† The pillars of Heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted Heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

8 Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11, &c.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the LORD's SUPPER.

HYMN I. [L. M.]

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 'This is my body, broke for sin;
'Receive and eat the living food;'
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
''Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'

4 [For us, his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us, his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of bigger size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 'Do this,' (he cry'd) till time shall end,
'In mem'ry of your dying friend;
'Meet at my table, and record
'The love of your departed Lord.'

7 [Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN II. [S. M.]

1 [JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gave his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!]

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN III. [C. M.]

1 'THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good:'
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN IV. [C. M.]

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]

3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But coll his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN V. [C. M.]

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed:
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.]

3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Blest'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN VI. [L. M.]

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thoughts:

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life his table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN VII. [L. M.]

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN VIII. [C. M.]

1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord;
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood;
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!]

3 The tree of life, that, near the throne,
In Heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

4 [Hov'ring amongst the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 ['Tis a young Heav'n of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the droping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind.

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.

8 Infinite Grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN IX. [S. M.]

1 LET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There on the curled tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sins
Nor let thy grace depart:
Great comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN X. [L. M.]

1 NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN XI. [C. M.]

* 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that 'I am his,
'And my Beloved's mine.'

3 'Here,' (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
'See here the spring of all your joys,
'That open'd when I dy'd.'

4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
'All this,' says he, 'I bore for thee.'
And then he smiles again.

5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 Let such amazing love as these
Be sounded all abroad:
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN XII. [L. M.]

1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord,
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The dainties of his house spread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 [We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the high way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.]

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.

H Y M N XIII. [C. M.]

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here ev'ry howel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
'Lord, why was I a guest?

4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room;
'When thousands make a wretched choice,
'And rather starve than come?'

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still resus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN XIV. [L. M.]

1 NOW we have our hearts and our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With him young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living Word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepar'd a dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And shew the wonders of thy grace.

5 He is our light, our morning star,
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

HYMN XV. [C. M.]

1 [illegible] THE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his board,
And blessed the food, and sung!

2 Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And leaned it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favorite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
Come, my beloved, says he, cries;
And drink salvation, friends.

5 [My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains:
And the red streams of pardon flow
From these my pierced veins.]

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love!
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

H. Y. M. N. XVI. [C. M.]

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew,
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice join'd, and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN XVII. [S. M.]

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, is thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints
And tune your voice to sing.

3 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ!
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN XVIII. [L. M.]

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread, we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, for generous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found;
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food:
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls for ever bless:
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place!

HYMN XIX. [L. M.]

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We came to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN XX. [C. M.]

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For ev'ry willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er-to-angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasures well refin'd;
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosanna's join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN XXI. [C. M.]

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot-wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]

3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!

5 'For you, the children of my love,
'It was for you I dy'd;
'Behold my hands, behold my feet,
'And look into my side.

6 'These are the wounds for you I bore,
'The tokens of my pains,
'When I came down to free your souls
'From misery and chains.

7 'Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
'And plung'd it in my heart;
'Infinite pangs for you I bore,
'And most tormenting smarts.

8 'When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
'Stood dreadful in my way,
'To rescue those dear lives of yours,
'I gave my own away.

9 'But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
'I ruin'd Satan's throne;
'High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
'The monster tumbling down.

10 'Now you must triumph at my cost,
'And taste my flesh, my blood;
'And live eternal ages blest,
'For 'tis immortal food.'

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN XXII. [L. M.]

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his sons,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Blessed fountain! [springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN XXIII. [C. M.]

1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds the dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing, from thy wounds.

4 O! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suffrings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN XXIV. [C. M.]

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN XXV. [C. M.]

1 HOW are thy glories here display'd!
Great God, how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine.

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To Heav'n directs her sight;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

[I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these *Divine Hymns*, till I have addressed a special song of glory to *God* the *Father*, the *Son*, and the *Holy Spirit*. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our *Lord Jesus Christ* has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another *Hymn*. I have added also a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to *Christ*, in the same manner, and for the same end.]

DOXO-

DOXOLOGIES.

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

HYMN XXVI. [Ist. L. M.]

1 BLESS'd be the Father and his love,
To whose eternal source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

HYMN XXVII. [1d. C. M.]

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favorites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose Almighty pow'r
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN XXVIII. [1st. S. M.]

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within!

5 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN XXIX. [IId. L. M.]

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN XXX. [IId. C. M.]

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN XXXI. [IId. S. M.]

1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of light above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

HYMN XXXII. [IId. L. M.]

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in Heav'n.

HYMN XXXIII. *Or thus*

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love!
Thus we adore the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN XXXIV. [IId. C. M.]

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN XXXV. *Or thus*

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN XXXVI. [IId. S. M.]

1 YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN XXXVII. *Or thus*

1 GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN XXXVIII. IIs. As the 148th Pſalm.

1 I GIVE immortal praiſe
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He ſent his own
Eternal Son
To die for ſins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlaſting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And ſees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live:
His work completes
The great deſign,
And fills the ſoul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endleſs honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One:
Where reaſon fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN XXXIX. IId. As the 148th Pſalm.

1 TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Be endleſs praiſe,
And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Both ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN XL. IIId. As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

HYMN XLI. *Or thus;*

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, pow'r,
And praise be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in Heav'n.

The HOSANNA: *or, Salvation ascribed to* Christ.

HYMN XLII. [L. M.]

1 HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN XLIII. [C. M.]

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace:
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

2 Hoſanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

HYMN XLIV. [S. M.]

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Chriſt th' anointed King
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

HYMN XLV. As the 148th Pſalm.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God;
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and ſea, and ſky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
Upon his head
Shall honours reſt,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him bleſt.

11 AP65

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THE END.

Chas. Ed. Bisset.